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JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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JAMES A. GARFIELD,

PRESIDENT U.S.A.

Born Nov 19 th. 1831. Inaugurated March 4th 1881. Assassinated July 2d. 1881.
Died Sept 19 th 1881.

THE SHOBER & CARQUEVILLE LITH. CO. CHICAGO

Memorial * Service

OF

JAMES + A. + GARFIELD,

93423

AT

Highland * Park, * Illinois,

MONDAY, SEPT. 26th, 1881,

UNDER DIRECTION OF THE CITIZENS,

AT

First * Presbyterian * Church.

Union Memorial Services.

READING PROCLAMATIONS:

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President of the United States,
SHELBY M. CULLOM, Governor of Illinois,

BY

HON. JOHN MIDDLETON,
Mayor of Highland Park.

READING SCRIPTURE,

PROF. NATHANIEL BUTLER, JR.

PRAYER,

REV. C. B. ALLEN.

MEMORIAL SERMON,

BY

REV. JOHN B. L. SOULE, D.D.

TO THE MEMORY OF

James Abram Garfield,

TWENTIETH PRESIDENT OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IT WAS HIS LOT TO BE

Born

UPON THE FRONTIERS OF THE STATE OF OHIO. HIS CHILDHOOD PASSED IN POVERTY, A YOUTH OF LABOR AND HARDSHIP, AND AN EARLY MANHOOD DEVOTED TO QUIET EFFORT IN THE OBSCURITY OF A REMOTE VILLAGE, UNITED TO PREPARE HIM FOR A

Glorious Maturity.

AT THE FIRST CALL TO ARMS, HE FLEW TO THE SERVICE OF THE NATION, AND IN FIELD AND COUNCIL APPROVED HIMSELF A

Hero and Patriot.

CALLED AGAIN TO THE DUTIES OF CIVIL LIFE, HE ENTERED AT ONCE UPON A CAREER OF USEFULNESS, RISING STEP BY STEP FROM THE SERVICE OF HIS OWN STATE, TO THE LOFTIEST PLACE IN THE GIFT OF THE NATION. HE WAS ALWAYS AND IN EVERY PLACE

True to Himself,

HENCE ALWAYS TRUE TO HIS GOD AND TO HIS COUNTRY. BORN NOVEMBER 19, 1831, HE WAS ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY, NOVEMBER 9, 1880, AND

Fell

A VICTIM TO A MOST COWARDLY AND UNPROVOKED ASSASSINATION JULY 2, 1881. AFTER WEEKS OF SUFFERING, BORNE WITH THE SAME EQUANIMITY WITH WHICH HE HAD ACCEPTED THE FAVORS VOUCHSAFED BY FORTUNE, HE DIED SEPTEMBER 19, 1881,

A Martyr

TO HIS OWN UPRIGHTNESS AND HIS STERN OPPOSITION TO THE LOWEST INFLUENCES AND TENDENCIES OF A POLITICAL SYSTEM CORRUPTED BY PLACE SEEKING.

By the President of the United States of America:

A Proclamation.

WHEREAS, In his inscrutable wisdom it has pleased God to remove from us the illustrious head of the Nation, James A. Garfield, late President of the United States; and,

WHEREAS, It is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself with one accord toward the throne of infinite grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty and seek from Him that consolation in our affliction and that sanctification of our loss which He is able and willing to vouchsafe.

Now, therefore, in obedience to the sacred duty, and in accordance with the desire of the people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Monday next, the 26th day of September, on which day the remains of our honored and beloved dead will be consigned to their last resting place on earth, to be observed throughout the United States as a day of humiliation and mourning, and I earnestly recommend all people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God and to their reverence and love for the memory and character of our late chief magistrate.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, on the 22d of September, in the year of our Lord 1881, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:

JAMES G. BLAINE, *Secretary of State.*

State of Illinois, Executive Department.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., SEPT. 20, 1881.

After more than two months of intense suffering, during which he displayed the most heroic Christian fortitude, President Garfield has passed away. Human skill and the prayers of a sorrowing people have proven powerless to avert the consequence of the assassin's blow, and for the second time under the Providence of God the terrible calamity is inflicted upon this people of seeing their chief magistrate murdered at the capital city. James A. Garfield was a kind, good and great man. He had given his best years and services to his country, and had but recently assumed the responsibilities of the highest office in the government, with the full confidence of his countrymen that the great trust was safely reposed. Sad and horrible as is his death, it is fortunately without political significance, and does not involve any question affecting the nature or stability of our political institutions. "Though the executive dies, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives," to continue its benign protection to the good, and to follow evil-doers to certain punishment. The people of Illinois, mourning President Garfield's death, express with one heart and voice the deepest, tenderest sympathy for his aged mother, and wife and children. As an appropriate expression of the sorrow of the people of this commonwealth for the loss of the nation's chief ruler, I, Shelby M. Cullom, governor of Illinois, do recommend that at the hour which may be appointed for the funeral of the dead president the people of this State shall assemble in their customary places of worship and observe such solemnities as may be fitting to the occasion.

S. M. CULLOM, *Governor.*

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

Hor.

Memorial Sermon,

BY

Rev. JOHN B. L. SOULE, D.D.

I know of no Divine words more appropriate to this occasion than those uttered through the inspired lips of the psalmist:

Be still, and know that I am God.

One of those events of Providence, more rare than the earthquake and the whirlwind, and which cast a deep shadow over the hearts of a whole people, has come upon us.

The lamentation that always arises whenever death smites down his victims, and which is ordinarily confined to a family circle, to-day breaks over the narrow bounds of consanguinity; and the cities,

and villages, and hamlets, and cabins of a whole nation are filled with mourning.

Mountain ridges and channels of water, distance of space and diversity of pursuits, divide a nation in their practical labors and daily activities. But there are no separating boundaries, nor dividing lines to a nation's mourning. We are to-day a republic of grief—United States of sorrow. Tears are falling on the banks of the Penobscot, and on the banks of the Oregon; the lamentations of a heart-stricken people are blending with the surges of the Atlantic, and with the surges of the Pacific; and with the sighing of the Northern pine, the Southern magnolia is drooping in sympathetic sadness.

The sorrowful emotions of millions of hearts are to-day converging to that Lake-View Cemetery, and gathering around the prostrate and lifeless form of the departed President. Smitten down in a moment, in the midst of health, and of a lofty usefulness, by the hand of crime; the whole nation has stood still amazed at the deed, and bewildered as to its consequences; for many weeks, waiting day and night at his chamber door, counting his pulse and listening to his breathing. This is no time nor place to dwell upon the circumstances of the horrible crime, or to denounce its immediate and re-

moter causes. We leave to justice her appropriate work. The natural attachment felt by an intelligent people for an upright and worthy ruler; the official dignity which always belongs to the chief magistracy of a nation; the commendable pride felt by a people in honoring one whom they themselves have elevated to the highest post of honor; are considerations which we all understand and have felt.

But, superadded to all these in their ordinary force, there have been, in connection with President Garfield, other causes of attachment, respect and love, resulting from the circumstances of his early life, and his official career, as well as from his personal qualities as a man. His is one of those marked public characters which are upheaved by great moral commotions. I need not enumerate the names of those who, here and there, in the progress of centuries, have sprung to a flaming celebrity from the hot crucible of war; nor yet of those who, in the less violent, but more revolutionary conflicts of opinion, have emerged into lasting greatness by the force of their moral convictions.

But we all know that in times when the foundations of society are disturbed by the expansion and development of any curbed and suppressed moral truth, there often comes, as the appointed herald

and evangelist of that truth, some one man, like the eater of locusts and wild honey, suddenly emerging from the wilderness of obscurity to the mountain tops of fame.

As in nature, the usual quiet and peace of successive day and night, sunshine and shadow, evening shower and morning dew, there come sudden changes when the elements seem to break away from all controlling principles, and with the fury of lightning and tempest, sweep down forests, and overturn the dwellings of men, filling the land with terror; so in social life, the repose and confidence of a people are now and then rudely and abruptly disturbed, and thrown into anxiety and alarm by the occurrence of some great political or personal crime.

Such an one we have just experienced. The head of the Republic has been smitten, and every member is thrilled with pain!

Among the prominent lessons from this calamity, which force themselves on our attention and demand reflective thought, the most important is the bearing of this remarkable event on our national interests. If God in any way superintends the affairs of men, we cannot doubt that his providence and his wisdom are involved in so important an affair as the eléva-

tion of one man to be the chief ruler of a great nation; and that in such an event the Divine purpose has specific objects of great magnitude to effect. These objects may be hidden to our limited apprehension, or they may in their results become marked and evident. God does not use mystery to puzzle mankind; but in all his great works, the results bring out their own interpretation. We can look back along our own history as a nation, and note many events bearing evidence of the interposition of a watchful Providence, and affording more reasonable solutions of those events than the presence or power of any human agencies. Men may call such things *chance*, but chance is a fortuitous combination of circumstances; and who makes the circumstances?

A little more than a year ago the assembled political wisdom of a large portion of the people of this great republic, represented by many hundreds of experienced and practical men, convened in the great city near us, Chicago, charged with the duty of selecting a man to execute the laws over fifty millions of people. All those men were deeply impressed with the magnitude of the work committed to them. We well remember the earnest and protracted deliberations of that memorable occasion. We remem-

ber, too, the recognition by that important convention of the need of a higher power to guide them; for at the opening of every session, they reverently invoked the presence of Divine wisdom. We remember the names of the great and tried men who were proposed for the important office to be filled; men who were deemed by all as capable of guiding the affairs of a nation as were the judges of Israel, the archons of Greece, or the consuls of Rome.

We remember the long continued and sleepless and almost fierce contentions of that assemblage, till agreement seemed nearly hopeless. And then we remember how suddenly the eyes of its members began to turn to one of their own number; how rapidly the current of sympathy concentrated upon him, and with what swift unanimity they hastened to crown him with their choice; and waved the emblems of national power over the head of JAMES A. GARFIELD, while he himself was bowed in silent astonishment, and emotion, at the unexpected honor!

Who can explain this sudden union of divergent wills? This strange hushing of the storm into a calm? This transfiguration of passion to peace? What solution satisfies this enigma? Was this *chance*, or was it the casting vote of Divine wisdom,

which had been every morning asked to preside over that assembly? A scene as wonderful, and hardly less beautiful than that enacted in the sheep-pastures of Judea, when the prophet of the Lord, passing by the stately heirs-apparent of the throne, poured the anointing oil upon the youthful David, the chosen of the Lord, and made him king of Israel

Another prominent lesson we learn from the scenes of this hour, is, that the Divine dealings, whether with communities or individuals, are not subject to human interpretation. They sometimes make themselves plain to us in their development, and sometimes remain mysterious and unaccountable. The reason of this needs no argument. God's purposes are too deep and far-reaching for us fully to compass. When the prattling child can understand all his father's plans and purposes, then may we with some show of reason expect to comprehend the ways of God. Mr. Garfield was elected president of the United States. On his accession to this responsible office, there prevailed a remarkable spirit of acquiescence and hopefulness in the wisdom of his administration of affairs — a spirit noticeable among those even who had opposed him. All candid men regarded him as an honorable,

upright and capable man, of great ability and Christian principle. And all expected of him a wise, faithful and patriotic discharge of his duties.

It is many years since a change of presidents has been followed by so speedy a subsidence of political passions. The few weeks of his official work gave promise that these high expectations would be realized. But at the end of four short months the country and the world were startled with the cry, "*The President is murdered!*" He, whom we thought so evidently raised up to be a timely guide and counselor, was permitted to be struck down by the hand of an ignoble assassin.

Who shall explain this strange "chance"? To what oracle shall we go to elucidate this great mystery? Why has this angel of Death met us between two walls, stopped the passage of our sweet prophecy, and compelled us to be instructed by a beast? What has become of all these prayers that have been rising a continuous incense from all the altars of the world, framed in divers and discordant languages, but all breathing the same intense petition: "*For his people's sake, O Lord, save this man's life!*" And yet, he died! What vindication shall we find now to meet the infidel's arraignment of the promises of

God? What consolation shall we seek to keep our own confidence in his truth unshaken?

I answer that for a stronger reason than that "*the Government at Washington still lives,*" the Lord still reigns, and his judgments are true and righteous altogether. And no true prayer is ever offered that does not recognize his sovereignty, and breathe forth with it this spirit of submissiveness to his wisdom. "*Not my will but thine be done.*" It is not possible for a prayer of any other spirit to be proper. It would not be prayer, but dictation. Ask the man of doubt, who, in a sense, may feel that he is an honest doubter, and who is disposed to view this remarkable event in the light of what is improperly and almost impiously called a "prayer-test." Ask him if, on his own authority, he would be willing, if he could, to recall the president to life and re-instate him in office, and be responsible for the results. Would he honestly answer yes? Never! Ask him again, if in the sincerity of his heart, he would, if he could, banish all prayer from the earth. Would he answer yes? Never! No man would thus dare to cut *himself* off from the possible benefit of prayer to God.

But sacred history throws great light upon this question; and the object of sacred history is to

"vindicate the ways of God to man." We find there instances of God's providence, so unexpected, so strange, so contrary to the ordinary course of events, so apparently injurious to human interests, with characteristics even, which seemed to approach to what men would call cruelty,—instances which seemed to contravene the very idea of the usefulness of prayer; making a doubt of God's goodness and existence almost unavoidable, and leaving the subjects of his dealings in darkness and despair.

But this severity of discipline God has always vindicated by the results, and the severer they were, the more glorious the benefits wrought out by them. Nearly all the ancient exemplars of godly men were called to make their way through such fearful trials before their faith reached that standard that made them exemplars to all mankind. This was what enabled Job to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." This is why Christ said of Paul: "I will show him what great things he must suffer for my name's sake."

Ah, we little know what folly we commit when we sit in judgment on the mercy or the justice of God!

The atrocious assault on President Garfield; the long-continued personal suffering it caused, ending in death; his high position, and the magnitude of the

trust committed to his hands; the exalted traits of his personal character, the nobleness of spirit exhibited in his weakness and pain, have made the last three months memorable in events; and have attracted the watchful attention and sympathy of the whole world.

With the prayers of America have been mingled the prayers of England and its clustering dependencies; of the continent of Europe, of Asia and China, and the Isles of the Sea; and the voice of supplication in behalf of the sufferer and his country, has arisen from closet, from family, from church, and from chapel, from cathedral, from mosque and pagoda—and from every place where prayer is wont to be made, uttered in all the tongues of the Pentecost, and all centered on the same object of desire. These prayers God will answer—not like man, but like God! He does not always respond to the word, but he always hears the cry of the heart. The blessing that fails in the shower, will come in the dew. The *life* prayed for has ceased; but that greater thing for which we thought the life was needed—is that, too, to be buried to-day? Nay, these prayers are already being answered; and God may continue to answer them in his own wise and wide benefactions, for many years to come.

For when he gives, he gives liberally. And the blessings resulting from the President's death may prove incomparably greater than would have followed the honorable completion of his transitory office,—for Mr. Garfield, through the moral forces of his fate, may be the virtual President of the United States through many succeeding administrations. God does not modify his plans, nor change his officers every four years.

As of old, it seems to have been necessary that "one man should die for the people." Do we not see these prayers already receiving answer in the chastened spirit of the people? in the hushing of partisan clamor? in awakening the tender, humane sympathies of the whole Republic in one common compassion? in sealing anew the sacred bond of a common patriotism? in the intuitive recognition of an overruling Providence? in the rebuke which has been given to the selfish spirit of political ambition? in the apparent and hopeful healing of the aching wounds of war?

Be assured it is no human power that can work such wholesome effects as these in a few days and nights! Happy will it be for this people, if they can say with the king of Israel, "It is good for me "that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy

"statutes"; for "Before I was afflicted I went "astray." May we not hope that while the murderer's blow made vacant the chair of state, it also destroyed that hideous gorgon of greed and corruption which has so long impudently seated itself beside that chair?

And in the sweet rills of pathetic sympathy which are flowing toward us from all the thrones, and hamlets, and hearts of the old world, may we not see evidence that the growing brotherhood of man, and the fellowship of nations, is receiving new and powerful impulse from this calamity, which has startled and warmed the currents of human sympathy throughout the earth?

Who shall estimate the beauty and sweetness of the ripened fruits of this event, the first taste of which seems so bitter?

I have said that President Garfield was one of those marked public characters which are thrown up to the eye of the world by great moral commotions. By the attrition of those events, which, in recent years, have taken so deep a hold on the moral sense of the people, his mind and heart had become shaped and polished and fitted to be set up as the top stone of that new temple of Liberty

which God determined to build on the foundations of the old.

But a few years ago, engaged in his private pursuits, unknown to fame, and dreaming as little of the startling events of the future as Moses when feeding the flocks of Jethro, he was called forth to buckle on the armor of battle and take sides in the impending conflict. The great sifting process of moral influences, which at such times rapidly prevails, put him in his appropriate sphere, and his honest heart impelled him to the side of truth.

So strong was the battle he waged, in field and in forum, so faithful was he to the principles defended, and so triumphant his success, that the hearts of all true men became knitted to his, till he was elevated to the chief magistracy of the republic. True to all the duties to which he was called, whether high or low; never losing sight of his individual and official responsibility to a higher power; never deviating from the path of duty to subserve a personal ambition; unallured by the flattery of friends, unintimidated by the threats of enemies; patient in the midst of public toil; full of faith while others feared; merciful in justice, and just in mercy; with child-like affections, and iron will; bending like a slender reed to the gentle influences of social and domestic life;

and standing like a rock in the storms of public strife; he vindicated from the beginning to the end of his splendid career, the wisdom of the people's confidence, and the evidence of a divine calling. Fallible, because human, yet his faults, whatever they may have been, were hidden from the public eye by the magnitude of his public virtues.

Regarding the departed President's personal fame alone, perhaps no other period could have been more opportune in which to disappear from the scenes of life—leaving the world's contemporaneous praise to glide into and blend with its posthumous eulogies.

Cicero has somewhere beautifully said: "*Neque "turpis mors forti potest accidere, neque misera sapienti, "neque immatura consulari.*"

"A disgraceful death cannot happen to a brave "man, nor an unhappy death to a wise man; nor to "one who has worthily borne the highest honors of "his country, can death come too soon."

Much as we revere his memory, and strong as is our gratitude for the great services he has done our common country; from the sad event of which these emblems of public mourning remind us, we are to learn this simple lesson, a lesson promulgated to the world three thousand years ago: "*Put not your "trust in man.*" And while we still feel that his

presence is hardly withdrawn from us, standing in awe, like Elisha, gazing after the form of the ascending prophet, let us remember him upon whom his mantle is fallen, and pray that he may be endued with the same excellences, and be guided by the same wisdom.

And let us not forget in her sublime sorrow, the widowed heart of that heroic woman, around whose brow the halo of a crown of patience is almost visible. Let us not forget the aged mother, as trembling with unspeakable emotions she bends to-day over the bier of her "Own Boy." Let us not forget those tender children, whose ears shall henceforth listen in vain for the coming of their illustrious father and guide.

And now in true and tearful sympathy with the innumerable mourners throughout this great republic, let us reach forth our arms with theirs to-day, and tenderly depositing in the tomb the martyred body of the great dead, commit his spirit unto God who gave it, and his earthly fame, a shining legacy, to the future generations of men; remembering that—

Blest is the man whose trust is founded deep
Within the calmness of a righteous mind;
Like the tossed ship, whose sunken anchors feel
The living rock the dashing waves conceal,
But with unyielding grasp the treasure bind,
While fearful tempests o'er the ocean sweep.
The outward eye may fill with sorrow's tears,
The shaded brow some secret pain confess,
And e'en the heart be tremulous with fears,
Or pine beneath a sense of loneliness;
Conspiring foes may struggle to oppress
The over-burdened spirit; but despair
Shall never find a habitation there!
Oppression guards and fortifies her wrongs
With iron manacles and clanking chains,
The torturing screw and the tormenting tongs,
And every dark invention that belongs
To her relentless policy of pains.
But warring with eternal hatred, Might,
Though clad in triple armor, and obeyed
By all the harnessed slaves his power hath made,
Shall never sing a paean over Right,
Till Impotence subdues the Infinite;
And he who battles in a righteous cause,
Though smitten early in the holy strife,
Dies nobler than the Spartan for his laws,
Or all the slain of Greek or Punic wars,
For daring thus to lose, he findeth life.